

Inked words

by Jules In Neverland

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Summary: Short one shot about Beca and Chloe texting as a long distance relationship. Feels, and disgraces. Character death. Drama. Angst.

Inked words

"I'm partying with Andy and the girls later today."

Chloe blinked twice checking her phone. Night was starting to vanish in Greece, where she was spending some months due to her job, a dance teacher for children at a small academy, while her girlfriend, Beca, was in the British Columbia in Canada being the DJ at some important places there. Chloe had sent her a text the day before at noon asking what was the plan for the day, and Beca had been working and then sleeping at that time. She had replied while Chloe slept.

"I see you had fun." Answered Chloe while she made breakfast for herself and her pet, her hamster Fabian. She had had time to check the Instagram pics of the brunette having fun and getting really wasted. Andy was this athlete who loved her deeply and who was into drugs and only cared about partying. He was a big man like a closet, strong and knew the correct people to find Beca the perfect jobs. And the girls were some pole dancers that Andy had introduced Beca to. She couldn't help but feel a bit of \_betray\_, Beca was out getting wasted with pole dancers and a big attractive, Russian man -that she had admitted to Chloe, was incredibly hot- while she was waiting for a text, an emoticonâ€¦ anything. But at the same time, it felt great to know she was happy. Chloe still remembered how upset Beca had been when they got told she had to move to Canada and her to Greece in the same week, after years living together in Los Angeles.

"How's your day?" Chloe read, hours later, as she prepared some choreography in the afternoon. It was nine in the morning in Canada.

"Pretty good. How are you?" Chloe replied. Then she felt it \_excitement\_ for talking with her cause they were at a good hour and it was possible they talkedâ€¦ \_disappointment, \_bye bubble.

"Gosh honey, I'm exhausted. Too much fun last night, now I have a meeting in tenâ€¦ will you be asleep in three hours?" \_Guilty\_. Yeah, she couldn't stay awake.

"I'm sorry babe, I have to wake up really early tomorrow for class, I'll be sleeping in two hours."

Beca took longer to answer that time.

"Okay. We'll talk later when you wake up. Sweet dreams, I love you." \_Sadness. Love. Excitement. Adrenaline. Happiness.\_

"I love you too Becabear." \_Fulfillment.\_

Waking up in the morning, she smiled seeing it was only eight in Canada.

"Just woke up, how does your night look beautiful?" Chloe asked smiling holding her phone while getting clothes out of the drawers.

"Looks like we're going out for the night, we have a party to DJ at. Andy will come so he can drive me home and I can drink a little bit after work. How did you sleep?"

"I slept fine." \_Frown\_ "So Andy's coming?"

"Yeah. Chlo, don't go in jealous mode. I told you, I love you, not him."

"Alrightâ€¦ yes, you're rightâ€¦ I'm sorry Beca." \_Guilty\_.

A few seconds passed and she smiled sadly seeing Beca's answer.

"Are you okay love?"

"Yes I am." \_Confident. Positive. Hopeful.\_ "Hey, have fun alright?"

"Alrighty. You too. How are the kids?"

"They're good students, don't make me work much. How's music?"

"You know, sometimes high sometimes low." Chloe laughed at Beca's joke "Miss you though."

"Music doesn't fill as much, doesn't it?" \_Sadness.\_

"Nahâ€¦ but we'll be home now."

"Sweet, sweet LA." \_Smile. Sun.\_

"Oh yeah. We'll skype when I'm back alright? Gotta go now."

"18h Skype? 8h there?"

"Gotcha. I love being with someone who passed Math."

"Well you told me if I did the Math for you, you'll do the Russian Lit for me." Chloe laughed at Beca's emoticons.

Hours passed.

One.

Two.

Three.

Four.

Ten.

Twelve.

Twenty four.

At forty eight, Chloe started getting anxious. But there was no phone there to call.

At thirty six, she took the first flight she found to the British Columbia.

Andy was a jerk.

Not because of the big brain concussion he had, but Chloe had a feeling he was always a jerk, someone Beca would never love.

It had been a crash.

Andy had been drunk. And drugged. Cause he promised Beca he wouldn't, so he could drive her home. And he drove her to death. She had been wearing the seat belt. He hadn't. And still, he survived.

8006751239910 texts.

That's all Chloe had left.

Three months after the funeral, she realized she hadn't seen a text from Beca that was a joke, sent years ago.

She laughed as tears ran from her eyes through her cheek.

She was back at home. LA. Sitting on the grass in front of Beca's grave. Two years after the funeral. And all she had left, were texts.

Because someone promised not to drink and to take her home safe.

And she should've been the one taking her home safe.

End  
file.